

The
Frances Shimer
Quarterly

July, 1911

Mount Carroll, Illinois



The Frances Shimer Quarterly

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Commencement Exercises

June 4-7, 1911

By W. J. PEACOCK

The fifty-eighth Commencement of the Frances Shimer School began with the Sermon before the graduating class Sunday afternoon. June is already too warm for comfort, yet the cheerful, contented crowd that assembled entirely filled Metcalf Auditorium and overflowed into the halls and recitation rooms adjoining, extending to scattered groups on the campus. It was an old-fashioned commencement Sunday, hot and steamy, ideal for white dresses.

Progress is noticeable in every detail of grounds, buildings, number and quality of the students, and scholastic attainments. Momentum is now up. Sunday's exercises revealed the largest number of graduates, the longest procession, and more mature girls than have been here any year since the beginning of the School. With better prospects, including a larger number of girls now in residence who have engaged rooms for next year, it would seem that friends of the School are attaining their greatest desires.

The exercises began with the procession which assembled in College Hall. Using Haydn's stately hymn, Lyons, which the girls sang from memory, the procession, led by Miss Ann Grimes, as marshal of the day, entered the auditorium from the north, the graduates bringing up the rear of the school, the four girls, Junior College graduates, in cap and gown, having the place of honor. The teachers, city ministers, and the Dean closed the procession. There may have been prettier processions, but there never was a more effective procession on the campus.

The program, as carried out, began with a duet by Miss Howard and Miss Aschenbrenner, Gounod's "Forever with the Lord." Pastor Maurer read

the Scripture lesson, and the double quartet sang "The Lord Is My Shepherd," by Henry Smart. The work of the double quartet was decidedly effective, the rendering being in excellent taste. After the prayer by Mr. Peacock and the hymn Nicea ("Holy, Holy") the Dean delivered the sermon on the subject, "Finding One's Place." A résumé of the sermon follows:

Finding One's Place

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? Acts

Childhood should be free from care, but the time comes when responsibility must be accepted. Most young people at the close of school life are confronted with the question as to the place they are to occupy in the world's work.

There is a place for all, if we are to believe that there is a purpose in life and a moral order in the world. It is true that many seem to have failed to find any worthy place. Yet this does not prove that there was not once a place for such: rather that they refused the best place offered. Even for the man farthest down, there is hope while there is life.

The practical question is how shall we find our place in the world?

Many in the Old World and some in our own country have little choice because of financial necessities. This does not apply to people in communities like our own where there is work, as a rule, for all. Such people have a choice, and if a worthy place is not found, the fault lies in themselves. The encouragement of friends and their criticism help many young people to keep out of the unfit place and to find the proper place. Self-study is essential that evil motives may be cleared from the mind when a decision is to be reached. Moreover, the place does not, as a rule, come to the person. There must be active search and a sensitive mind and a willing disposition to accept that which is real, though not ideal.

One will search in vain unless willing to accept less than the ideal. The place of usefulness and happiness is never a perfect place. Moreover, when found, it may be but an introduction to a still different place, and to hold on to the first may mean damage. Or, if the true place is first found, we must grow with it or we cannot hold it, for as time passes the place itself changes. Success means so to fill the right place as to widen its scope and one's self grow with it.

How shall we be certain that the right place has been found?

It should furnish a living. Leaving out the philanthropist for the present, the young man and woman has a right to test the place presented by the standard of living offered. The financial test is not the only one. Many places offer a living which people ought not to accept. The right place should bring comfort and satisfaction and freedom and complete control of one's best powers. One works easily in his own place. Further, if one is in the place he ought to be, there is growth in knowledge and sympathy. A place which cramps these powers or blights them is one to be escaped from.

The right place will tax one's resources. It will not be easy; it will involve struggles and demand the forth-putting of every energy.

To most people, the modern education of women is still an experiment. It is very expensive and it must be abandoned unless its fruits are correspondingly rich.

It is charged that the schools for girls and the women's colleges are deficient in ethical training and that they fail to give the pupils a practical view of life. If these things are true, the schools are bound to fail. If educated young women are to find

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their true places in the world's work, they will do well to remember that the average woman should keep in touch with the life and spirit of the home. It ought also to be considered that women fix the moral standards of civilized communities. It is a question of the maintenance of standards of the highest character. It is not a question whether the average graduate will actually participate in anything coarse or brutal, but whether she will compromise with these things or insist on ideals that are above reproach to which others must conform if they share her friendship.

Young women with these conceptions of life will be welcomed into any community. They will not be separated from common life, but will mingle with it to enrich it, and from them as a center, streams of helpful influence will radiate.

After the sermon and the cordial invitation from the Dean to all to enjoy the pleasures of Commencement week, the school passed out, singing "All Praise to Him." The audience broke up, most of them lingering about the building and the campus.

Vespers

Another large audience assembled in the evening for Vespers to greet Mr. Carlos F. Smith, a Mt. Carroll gentleman now teaching in the Philippines. Mr. Smith appeared in the cool white garments of the Islanders and spoke with refreshing informality of his work among the boys. The girls and the audience fully enjoyed Mr. Smith's presentation of life in the schools of the Philippines.

Monday

Monday was exhibition day, the various departments of the School being thrown open to the public for inspection.

In domestic science the plans had to be changed somewhat on account of the heat. It was intended to show a full dinner prepared and served by the girls and the portions required for the various needs of children, invalids, and adults. The interesting feature in cooking was a variety of trays with tempting lunches for the sick room. Egg-nog, floating island with albuminized orange juice, snow pudding with tomato soup, and chocolate and toast were suggestions visitors were quietly noting for future use. The work in sewing is unusually good this year. The ideas of the girls were not limited to gingham but some very attractive white dresses were shown. One of the girls, a graduate in the department, made her own graduating dress. This work is planned on very sensible lines. The pupil learns to draft patterns and becomes expert enough to make patterns for any individual, adult or child, so that a mastery of the work of the department means acquiring principles which are useful however styles may change. Some interesting specimens of raffia work were shown. This is a form of loosely woven basketry in which grasses from Madagascar are used. One very pretty work basket was made of Alabama pine needles. Notwithstanding the shortage of fruit last fall, some very attractive samples of canning and preserving were shown.

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The Art Exhibit

Miss Bawden's department has certainly been very busy during the year. It is difficult to imagine how so much work of good quality could have been turned out. The work shown the visitor first was that of pupils in the general drawing class which is free to all, and taken only once a week. Here were evidences of real talent, with many proofs of the usefulness of instruction in drawing to everyone. In the work from casts, some very fine technique was in evidence. In charcoal, pen and ink, and stick work, a number of fine bits appeared. There were samples of sepia and blue ink work.

The novelties this year are in new forms of china painting, of which beautiful pieces and sets of monogram and colored designs were in evidence. Leather work is more useful and artistic this year than formerly. A few pieces done in oil and a few in pastel showed the efforts of the more ambitious pupils.

These departments would seem very much unlike, but they are in reality only different phases of the mingled practical and artistic which the modern woman loves. They show the plan of the school for an education which shall be well-rounded and complete. A girl is taught to be useful without feeling compelled to take severe views of work as drudgery, something very much needed in the profession of home-making.

Pupils' Recital

The pupils' recital in the evening completed a day very much to the credit of the school. It does not disparage the work of other years to say that there is a noticeable advance. Two reasons are evident: a larger number of students to choose from and pupils of more maturity in their art. The junior college, attracting mature girls, has the effect of providing dormitory and social surroundings to the taste of girls who do advanced work. The efforts of the pupils were of such high order last night that individual mention ought to be made. It was a program without a flaw and wound up a year with credit to the whole school. And the best part of it is that most of those on the program last night are to continue next year.

The Business Meeting

The Old Students' Association drew out an attendance of over fifty Tuesday afternoon for the business session. The picnic supper was very largely attended. The Academy girls joined the company on the campus, and the guests, all told, ran into the hundreds.

In the old students' business meeting it was decided to secure the Coburn players for next commencement. This will involve an expense of \$350, but the matter was taken up with great enthusiasm. These players have become famous over the country for their appearance before colleges and universities. They play in doors or out of doors. Of course, for the out-of-doors performance, the surroundings on our own campus are ideal. Howard Kyle Vandagriff has recently joined this company. The announcement is causing great enthusiasm among the students and friends of the school. This sort of performance is

great enough to satisfy the most critical and pleasing enough to draw people from all sides. Without doubt, the efforts of the association will succeed in drawing people from the entire vicinity.

The Bollman Recital

This recital has become a form of service which the old students annually render the school. The financial outlay required is large, but the town, school, and visiting friends showed no disposition to forsake the committee in its undertaking. The audience showed the largest paid attendance of the school year, and Mrs. Maude Fenlon Bollman was more than worth it. Indeed music-lovers made a new friendship last night which promises to be lasting. The names of the great master song writers appeared prominently, while the taste of the simple man was satisfied, as well. Mrs. Bollman sings with such a mastery of technique and with such finish as make the hearer feel entirely at ease. In all the difficult selections as well as in the children's songs the singer is entirely at home, apparently mastered by the finer feelings of her art. A most delightful diversion in the program, which everybody appreciated, was a group of children's songs, which threatened to stampede the program. Mrs. Bollman has raised two boys on her song, and is passionately fond of child-song. Miss Lila Lund at the piano accompanied Mrs. Bollman like a shadow of her own self. When Mrs. Bollman accepts a recall to our city, it is hoped that Miss Lund may be heard again.

Guests

Hon. and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer, Lincoln, Neb.; Rev. Frank Miller, Galesburg, Ill.; Mrs. H. W. Hazzen, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. Maude Fenlon Bollman, Rockford, Ill.; Miss Lila Lund, Rockford; Mr. and Mrs. Christopher E. Dinehart, Slayton, Minn.; Mrs. Dora Lamberton Nickell, Beatrice, Neb.; Mrs. Libby Kimball Washburn, Chicago; Mr. H. W. Seeger, Glenwood, Ia.; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Roberts, Peoria; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Haken, Laurens, Ia.; Mr. O. J. Owen, Seattle, Wash.; Miss Rosabelle Glass, Seattle, Wash.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis, Davenport, Ia.; Mrs. P. D. Creager, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Myra Jones MacGregor, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Miss Irene Jones, Iowa City, Ia.; Miss Vette, Marengo, Ia.; Mrs. Amelia Jones Pugham, Marengo, Ia.; Miss Marie Wright, Chicago; Miss Genevieve Alzema, Davenport, Ia.; Mrs. J. F. Van Voorhees and daughter Margaret, Champaign, Ill.; Mrs. J. I. Caldwell, Miss Collins, Mr. Peter Sjöholm, Mrs. Edna Dunabec Mann, all of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hayden of St. Louis; Mrs. Hattie N. LePellry of Freeport; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Comeau, Delavan, Wis.; Mrs. J. A. Martin, Coldwater, Mich.; Mrs. Fred Ayres, Leaf River; Miss Ayres, Lake Forest; Mrs. Hugo Erbe, Miss Marjorie Erbe, Chicago; Mrs. L. A. Countryman, Rochelle; Mrs. J. H. Rollins, Chicago; Mrs. Fred Gage, Chicago; Mrs. Fekser, Waterloo, Ia.; Mrs. George Wolz, Fremont, Neb.; Mrs. Jeanne Hughes Plumbcock, Fremont, Neb.; Mrs. Kate Rosenstock Wiler, Eureka, Colo.; Miss Florence Bastian, Freeport; Miss Ellen Melendy Thomson, Miss Mabel Shattwell, Clinton, Ia.; Miss Lute Fraser, Wewoka, Oklahoma; Mrs. Bessie Dodson

Wolf, Alta, Ia.; Mrs. Ernestine Hoffman Hasskari, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mrs. O. W. Brown, Smith's Mills, P.I., Canada; Mr. Carlos E. Smith, Dumaguete, Or. Negros, Philippine Islands; Mr. and Mrs. (Edna Appleby) Wm. B. Schultz, Williams, Ia.

Class Day

The Class Day exercises Wednesday afternoon brought out clever ideas and told the school secrets in rhyme and music. The program was entitled "In a Garden." Under the names of various flowers, the customary features of class day appeared. "Pink Sweet Peas," the class flower, appeared first. True to the suggestion, the class marched in bearing a long garland of asparagus decorated with the class flower.

"Mignonette" was an appropriate name for the poem by Miss Seeger.

"Evergreens" of course meant the Freshmen, who were rather sadly dealt with in a pointed song.

"Nettles," clever prickings of humor whose only cushion was in their number.

Laura Jean Libby, the classic heart-mender of the Tribune, received a number of anxious questions on a variety of themes with which the School girls are especially familiar, and gave sage replies which were usually enough to convulse the audience. Of course it was the Juniors who were "nettled."

"Herbs" were cooked-up mixtures intended to sooth the ache caused by the "nettles."

"For-get-me-nots," the class will: some very valuable bequests and some reckless cast-offs were strewn about the retiring class.

"Liveforever," the class prophecy. This appeared in the shape of notes from the Frances Shimer Quarterly for 1931, under the caption, "The Scattered Family."

"Roses" a medley of songs in which everybody in class and faculty was included.

The program was brief and original.

Graduation

The commencement, which left little or nothing to be desired from the standpoint of the weather, attendance, or interest, was brought to a close with the graduating exercises. The exercises began with the procession which was every bit as interesting as the Sunday entrance. After a solo by Miss Dunn, Rev. F. E. R. Miller gave the address on "The Fatal Infirmary of Force." This address on the mistakes of war held the closest attention. Mr. Miller is a very capable orator and showed the best of appreciation of the needs of the occasion. He took up the old-time war arguments in favor of war and showed that the same ends for character are obtained in the useful services of American citizenship. It was a forceful presentation of a theme calling for mature thought.

After the address came the Dean's report, as usual dealing with the school's commendable habit of advance. This time, however, a note of peculiar anxiety

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appeared. The school has practically reached the full limit of its present capacity, and its advance depends upon its financial resources. The Dean said that last year reached high-water mark. The total registration was 158, 105 being house pupils. The financial receipts of the school exceeded those of past years by many thousand dollars. The earnings of pupils during the year as applied on their school bills amounted to \$4,436.00. The Dean stated that the trustees had voted during the day to study plans for a new dormitory and a science building. The figures set down on the program called for \$30,000 for this dormitory and \$10,000 for the science hall.

In the award of honors, a very interesting contest was brought to light. In comparing the work of Miss Ivy Isabelle Caldwell and that of Miss Winifred Seeger, it was found impossible to determine which was first on the basis of two years' study until the figures had been reduced to the third decimal. Miss Caldwell won the university scholarship 835 to Miss Seeger's 834. The Lieblich medal in piano was awarded to Miss Florence Engelbrecht, of Mt. Carroll, whose work is full of promise. Twenty-three received diplomas and certificates, nineteen from the Academy and four in the Junior College.

After the exercises Dean and Mrs. McKee and Miss Morrison gave the graduates and their friends a reception in College hall.

The Growth of the School in Numbers

There are many features in the School which attract girls when comparisons are made. The fact remains that in spite of the increase in tuition for house pupils, the rate is low when the range of material return is considered. Without doubt for a great many parents, \$400 is an actual saving, less than the girl would require during the year were she at home. It must not be overlooked, however, that very few girls are kept away because of poverty. During the year girls earned by service to the school \$4,436.25. No worthy girl is turned away without some sort of chance or encouragement. The growth in attendance in recent years has been most gratifying. Starting with 1905-6, the year of the fire, the figures are, taking the years in order, 90, 102, 108, 120, 127, and this year 158. College hall, which was expected to take care of the increase for five years, was filled to the attic during the past year. The Dean stated commencement night that if another building the size of College hall was ready, it could in his opinion be three-quarters filled by September.

The Reunion of the Class of '71

It may be that there truly is nothing new under the sun, but the having of a class banquet is certainly new for Frances Shimer School, the occasion being the fortieth anniversary of the Class of '71. There are eight living members of this class, but because of distance, of illness, and other insurmountable difficulties, but three were able to be present—Winona Branch Sawyer, Libbie Kimball Washburn, and Flora Dennison Dinehart. The other members of '71 are Minnie Swift Yates, Alice Ives Breed, Prescilla Pollack Bell, Mary Webb Lichty, and Emma Piper Kester. Their absence was deplored.

by all, but letters from several were read, voicing their regrets, love, and congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer were host and hostess, Mrs. Sawyer being toastmistress. The guests were Mrs. Hazzen, Dean and Mrs. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Hostetter, Mr. Dinehart, Mr. and Mrs. Corneau, and two members of the class of '69—Retta Tomlinson and Medora Lambertson Nickell. The table, daintily decorated with scattered roses and a fern '71 in the center, was made brilliant with forty roseate-hued candles, one light for each of the forty years now gone; they burned, symbolic of the light of other days. These were supplemented later by miniature rose tapers in tiniest candlesticks, and each guest voiced the wish made during their burning, the thought centering largely upon the prosperity and progress of the school, a reunion of '71 ten years hence, and for the continued happiness and prosperity of our host and hostess. Nothing could be more beautifully appropriate than the menu and program cards; each thought and author quoted, each portion of the banquet's dainties given in rhythmic lines. The reproduced photographs of '71 were bestowed as souvenirs. Personal reminiscences were given by Mesdames Sawyer, Dinehart, and Washburn. They all unconsciously showed the forcefulness of early training, abilities developed, and lives made purposeful and efficient by the years of study and discipline in the School. The voices of the past and present blended in a perfect harmony as sweet as when first the morning stars sang together—and still sing.

The class is widely scattered; East, West, North, South has now won their ministry, but, from their far-flung battle line, by letter or by word of mouth, came the same cry of victory, because God is, and is the sure foundation of all work, all ambition, all success, all principle, all life.

Mrs. Hazzen's talk was a song of joy, that, though, of the past, nothing now remains but a majestic memory, the future holds promises, rainbow-hued and unfailing, for this school, so greatly the beloved of her heart.

Dean McKee spoke of the undoubted influence for good that Alumnae anniversaries inevitably have, compelling, as they must, the interests of each class to the continued welfare of the school, and hoped that this, the first Class Anniversary ever held, may have many duplicates.

Mr. Sawyer, eloquent in thought, in quotation, and story, gave noble tribute to the class of '71, their place in the world, and their achievements; to the school, effective in its teachings, its ability to instil best of womanliness and best of leadership; to the grand character of the one whose name the school perpetuates; and in kindest manner, showed his intense interest in all that is so dear to the heart of his wife.

The voices of the past reviewed scenes that can never come again; scenes that now seem but the recollections of a dream, some unfolded with pain, but the joy of beholding once again each others' faces is not to be put into words, and though we meet but as ships that pass in the night, saying, "Hail" and "Farewell," the remembrance can but prove a source of future pleasure, an incentive to further effort along the lines that are worth while.

MEDORA LAMBERTSON NICKELL



MRS. WINONA BRANCH SAWYER, '71



THREE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '71, WITH MRS. J. D. HAZZEN,
UNDER THE OLD GRAPE ARBOR



THIRTEEN MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMIC CLASS OF 1911, WITH THEIR
COUNSELOR, MISS DORA GERTRUDE KNIGHT

Address at the Reunion of the Class of '71

By MRS. ISABEL D. HAZZEN

It is a great pleasure to me to be here this afternoon and greet so many friends and students of old Seminary days, days that are very precious in my memory.

How well I remember the commencement exercises of June, 1871.

It was my first experience as teacher in a young ladies' school, and I took my responsibilities very seriously.

I remember the class as ten of as bright, interesting, and pretty girls as ever graduated from the Seminary. They were all earnest, hard-working students, some more so, of course, than others, but all seemed to have a decided purpose in view for which they were working. Some of the class have become noted club women and prominent in public affairs. It would be interesting to review their careers. I refer to two of the class that I have had an opportunity to know most about, Winona Branch Sawyer and Alice Ives Breed, but we have not time to go into detail. All, so far as I know, have been successful and useful women in whatever line they have attempted.

There was a little delay in beginning the exercises on time that day and quite an excitement in the house, as you who were present may remember, on account of the expressman's failure to deliver a very pretty graduating dress to be worn that afternoon. The day stands out more especially prominent in my mind as marking the first public recognition of an established music department in the Seminary. The girls who had made music a special study and showed proficiency in playing and singing the music that was then most enjoyed and considered good music were given medals for the first time. The presentation of medals was entirely Mrs. Shimer's idea, in which the music teachers cheerfully acquiesced.

The great confidence Mrs. Shimer placed in the ability of her teachers to bring about the results she wanted was a wonderful spur to our ambition to do what was expected of us.

Not to disappoint Mrs. Shimer's expectations of our ability to do as teachers was the principal motive power in those days. When she said, "You can do it," it was almost impossible to fail, so strong was her influence to encourage one who had aspirations to do something worth while.

Mrs. Shimer was exceedingly fond of music, though no musician. Her delight and approval in every success of the department was a great inspiration.

"Nothing is now left but a majestic memory." The old Seminary home is gone and all of the members of the permanent Seminary family, except myself, are gone. There is nothing visible left of Mrs. Shimer's work but the beautiful trees on the campus that she so dearly loved. They seem at this time to be putting forth their greatest efforts to glorify her handiwork.

I forbear to speak more at length on the subject so near and dear to my heart lest the joy of our meeting be turned to weeping.

It is exceedingly gratifying to me to witness the wonderful improvements

under the present administration. I rejoice with them in all of their successes, and I feel that if it is possible for those who have passed to the Bright Beyond to return, Mrs. Shimer smiles her approval upon us today. She was a progressive woman, and during her life was always studying improvements. She sacrificed and devoted her life to the success and progress of the school, and though we may say there is "nothing left but a majestic memory," that majestic memory is the breath of life that still lives and animates the School and I believe will continue as long as the School exists.

An Explanation

The June issue of the *Quarterly* exhibited an unusual number of typographical errors, due to the fact that the corrected proof-sheets went astray in the mails and the magazine was printed from uncorrected type.

A Contrast

BY IONA BICKELHAUPT

College, '12

The need for better schools has been recognized more and more each year, and the number of modern schools, carried on with improved equipment and approved methods of instruction, is constantly increasing. A simple comparison will show the inferiority of the schools still conducted on ancient lines and the marked advantages now afforded in modern schools.

In a city not far from Mt. Carroll there stands a peculiar old frame building decidedly unprepossessing. A board sidewalk leads from the street to a door at the side of the building near the rear. This door admits one to a small vestibule not actually dirty but certainly untidy. Here the visitor is met by a short, stolid, little man whose features and speech at once proclaim his German birth. He leads you through a door at the right and you enter a room which impresses you at once as gloomy and cheerless. To the right stands the teacher's table with a small case of books back of it. At the left sits a large stove of an old-fashioned pattern, red and gray from hard usage. In front of you are three rows of double seats, all of exactly the same size. At the teacher's command several small boys bring chairs from somewhere and the teacher goes on with his work. The occupants of the double seats gaze at you with varied expressions, some with a look of fright, others with a grin and twinkling eyes. Their behavior is followed by the class of a dozen or fifteen small boys and girls lined up along the left side of the room with slates in their hands. Patiently they stand there while the teacher takes the slates and corrects them one by one, dismissing each pupil as his slate is corrected. Being given several of the slates to inspect, you find certain well-composed and legibly written sentences in which the meaning of a certain word is shown.

As the children take their seats, you discover the use of an extra ink bottle standing upon the desk. It is opened and a quantity of water poured from it upon the slate, which is then washed and made ready for the next lesson.

After listening to the class in spelling, as nothing of interest seems likely to occur, you decide that it is time to go. The schoolmaster stops his work to engage in a few minutes' conversation with you. You soon learn that the school is a German parochial institution maintained by the church; that, while the teacher has thirty-seven pupils at present, he usually has fifty-five in winter; that he is paid seven hundred dollars a year; that he teaches German in the forenoon and English in the afternoon, six grades of each in the common branches, and also biblical history, catechism, and church singing. You thank him for his kindness and he returns the compliment because, as he says, "Visitors don't come here often." Soon you are out upon the street again and you almost expect to see a virgin forest overshadowing a little red school-house, rather than the perfectly modern streets of a city.

This parochial school stands out in sharp contrast to the truly modern schools provided by the city, with their cool, airy halls, with new fountains of bubbling drinking water. The rooms are bright and cheery. The walls are tinted in dainty colors, the blackboards are bordered with drawings of familiar subjects. Potted plants are at the windows, adding their touch of beauty. The desks accommodate only one pupil without crowding and vary in size to suit the pupils. Life in such a schoolroom is just as real as that of the home or the playground. In simple form, the children experience the same social life which will confront them in the future.

From these examples the two elements of education, the psychological and the sociological, may be seen. Psychologically, the child is trained through his own interests; sociologically, he is trained by his teacher and school-mates and by the community which approves both his interests and the plans of the school.

Trade-Unionism

By EVA ROBERTS

College, '11

Trade-unions began with the capitalization of industry, or at the time when industry was taken from the home to the factory. With this revolution men began to work together in groups, and the very fact of their working together formed men into social units. It was inevitable that they should begin to feel themselves a distinct class with common interests and needs. Becoming aware of their common interests they combined and formed unions.

Of the present demands of the unions, we will first discuss the matter of wages. To maintain a standard of wages is difficult on account of the immense number of foreigners who are coming into our country each year. These foreigners accept a low wage because they are accustomed to poverty. Americans are at a disadvantage and cannot live so cheaply. The union steps in and establishes a minimum wage below which no union man can work. This minimum treats men as heads of families as against the foreign custom which pays a laborer just enough to support himself. In most cases the American

minimum for unskilled workmen is six hundred dollars. Union men argue that if a man is not worth that he is not worth being in the union.

Unionists insist upon this collective bargaining with employers because men are at a disadvantage when bargaining individually. When employers accept the plan, wages are settled by representatives from each side, employers and unions.

The question of hours is rated higher than wages by many unions. In mediaeval times men could work from dawn till dark, but work was varied. Now, since machinery has become so universal and work so tedious, it has become impossible for a man to work twelve hours daily throughout the year and not break down under the strain of one thing. As a man has time to think of other things besides monotonous toil his mind becomes more active and his work is more efficient. It is a social advantage that men should have time to devote to their families, to religion, and to the state. A twelve-hour day is gradually being reduced to eight hours and it is found that the results are better for workmen and employers alike.

A third demand of the union deals with sanitary working conditions. Dangerous machinery must be guarded, the sanitary conditions of the shop or factory must be as fair as possible, there must be no "sweating" of employees. The unions also require that women and children be protected from abuse, over-work, and health-breaking conditions.

In all these respects the unions are making desperate efforts to abolish conditions which break down the health of working people, and in so doing, they are servants of society at large.

From the present outlook on the industrial world, it is safe to say that trade-unions will some day have the approval of everyone if the workmen and the people learn to distinguish between the good and the bad in the labor movement. When the trade-unions have learned by experience what is advantageous for them and what is not, and when they have become well organized on business principles, then the public will realize that they are not to be stamped out but to be encouraged and defended because they have so much to do with human nature and its different aspects. It will be seen that unions are bettering not only the laboring classes but society as a whole, of which the laboring people form so important a part.

An Indian Legend

There are many sad and interesting legends about the Indians, but there is one which seems to me to be more probable than the others. That is the legend of an Indian squaw and her young son.

This squaw and her boy lived with Black Hawk's tribe, which was, at the time of the incident, inhabiting the shores of the Mississippi River in Illinois and Iowa. Out in the river there are many small islands, each of which now bears a name connected with some war, legend, or superstition. Among them is the "Papoose Island," named for the boy of the legend. His name was "Laughing Arrow."

This small warrior was the pride of the whole tribe, as he had come among them just before they had won a battle from the early white settlers of their neighborhood. They looked upon the new comer as a good spirit, who had brought them victory. He and his mother were moved to a tepee in the middle of the camp, where he was visited every day by the chief, or one of his representatives.

At a very early age he was taught to hunt, fish, swim, and to do all the other things which make brave men. It was because he was so happy when hunting that he was called "Laughing Arrow." There was not a flaw in his education, if one might call it that. He knew all the treacherous currents and eddies in the river, and could handle a canoe well. He knew the paths and canyons in the hills and all available hiding-places. He knew which kinds of fish and game were best, and where to get them. He could run even better than his father, and that was considered quite a feat.

For ten years after his birth Black Hawk's tribe prospered. Their crops were bountiful and they were successful in keeping out intruders. More time was given to sports, and the young braves were watched with critical eyes. It was agreed that "Laughing Arrow" was the most promising of them all.

It was on one of the beautiful, warm, summer days that the chief offered a tomahawk to the boy who should swim first from the Illinois shore to an island about a hundred and fifty yards out in the river and back to the starting-place. There was considerable excitement shown because everyone knew the tomahawk to be a favorite of the chief, and the winner would have to swim fast to win the prize.

At last all the participants were ready, the signal was given, and they were off. It was plain to be seen that the race was to be among four of the boys. Before the island was reached Laughing Arrow—one of the four—was about twenty feet ahead of the other three boys, and those on shore were certain of his victory.

He turned at the island with a look of triumph on his face, and with a smile that reminded the onlookers that if he won he would wear the chief's favorite tomahawk.

When he was fairly well started on the homeward stretch, two of the other boys advanced on him; but just as they were about even with him, he disappeared under the water. It was thought by those on shore, and those in the contest, that he was merely swimming under water, so as to baffle his opponents. It was known that he was playful, and would like to puzzle the others if he could. Nothing much was thought of his sudden disappearance until the other swimmers came to the shore. Then a cry went up for Laughing Arrow, but there was no answer, and he could not be seen anywhere.

It did not seem possible to the anxious admirers that this boy, of all the number, could drown. No! But maybe the gods had taken him back. If so, it was surely an omen to the tribe.

Search as they would they could not find the body of their beloved boy, and grief was great throughout the camp. The poor mother who had watched

her boy grow up, with many happy thoughts and plans for his manhood, could not be calmed. Each morning she would paddle her canoe over to the island where she had last seen him, and then she would search and search, hoping that the gods had left her some message. And when she came home her friends could see, without asking, that her search had been in vain, and they could do nothing for her. Her cry for her papoose was heard daily, and gradually the island in the river became known as "Papoose Island," the name which it has today.

KATHRYN GARRETTSON, '12

With Wordsworth as a Companion

After a day spent in observing the city of Clinton, Iowa, from a sociological point of view, twelve tired girls boarded the five-fifteen train for Mt. Carroll, and dear old F.S.S. Our chaperons tried to cheer us, but it was no use. For how could we be happy when the next day was "theme day" in English, and our themes were not even started? Of the assigned reading from which our subjects were to be taken, I had read only the selections from Wordsworth's poems, but these suggested no suitable subject to my mind.

As the train pounded along over the rails, my thoughts wandered from these poems to the author himself. His insight into Nature had been truly marvelous, and I could not help wondering what an hour with such a man in the presence of nature would be like.

Looking from the car window, I tried to imagine what effect each succeeding scene would have had upon him, what it would have meant to him. Now, a mass of pink bloom, marking a peach orchard, flashed by. I could almost see his expression soften, and his lips relax into a quiet smile, as the pretty picture sent its beautiful message of the promise of greater things into his mind. Now, a very jagged cliff appeared. The light of the fighting spirit kindled in his eyes, as this great, yet fascinating, mass presented to him an obstacle to be overcome. Equally as grand and splendid as the beauties of nature was the look which said, "As thy rocks are unchangeable, so is man's spirit immortal." As I looked upon a tiny valley, green with May-apple leaves, I could hear his voice, low and sweet, saying, "What pure treasures do you hide, O simple unassuming leaves?" Near the Mississippi, in the low-lying marshy places, the cat-tails raised their brown heads, fuzzy with age. They seemed prophetic of the mortality of man, who, too, must grow gray with age and pass away, silently and quickly, as if blown by the wind. Out upon the river, the water stretched away, smooth and calm, with only a ripple now and then. Close to the horizon, green tree-covered islands divided the river into bright paths. The soft, peaceful light of early evening lay over the scene, and filled it with a melancholy dreaminess that seemed to explain the intuitive insight into nature which gave the poet his power.

I tried to explain this peculiar quality of nature to myself, but all in vain.

Loath as I was to tear myself from the charm of nature, the train pulled into the dirty, smoky depot at Savanna, where we were to wait for forty minutes, and my day-dream was at an end.

M. IONA BICKELHAUPT
Junior College, '12

Elaine

Of all Tennyson's characters in the "Idylls of the King" Elaine is the most beautiful and pure. He describes her as "Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat."

She was a simple, happy maiden dwelling with her father and two brothers at Astolat, where she lived in a world of dim fantasy and where she was always happy and contented, although not knowing why.

One day Sir Lancelot came into her life and from the minute she saw him she loved him with a pure and great love. So great was her love for him that she finally confessed it to him, saying if she could not be his wife she would follow him as his servant. When he told her that this love was not returned and that he could offer her nothing but true friendship she refused it.

From that time she longed for death and, when it did come, she accepted it innocently and cheerfully. In life she was fair, but in death fairer, and those who looked upon her in death were moved by her beauty and those who had known her in life were better for having known her.

LAURA LOVALD, '12

Away at Boarding-School

I am usually taken from my resting-place in the dark attic in the hot summer to make a trip to the seashore or some pleasant summer resort with Ethel, my owner, who is a bright, pretty maiden of about fifteen years. Last summer I had been in the attic only three weeks when Ethel's father came up and took me down to her room. For two days I stood there while Ethel and her mother packed me with all of Ethel's pretty clothes and many odd things, such as decorations for the walls, curtains, couch-cover, a table runner, and book rack, that I had never before carried. It seemed to me she was going away, never to come back. But when Mrs. Smith came into the room with some books to pack, and I heard her tell Ethel not to study too hard I thought a long time and finally decided she was going away to boarding-school. Just before I was locked Mr. Smith came into the room and slyly tacked a large box of chocolates into the corner of one of my trays; then Fred, Ethel's big brother, came in with three large beautiful pennants and slipped them in. I thought that was all, but no! Mrs. Smith came in and laid a lovely pink party dress in the top tray, with slippers, stockings, and ribbons to match. I was then strapped and locked and after a tag, which read "Frances Shimer School," was tacked on me, I was taken to the train.

I reached my destination early in the morning, but Ethel had gotten there

first and was all ready to unpack me when I was taken into the hall near her room, where with Ethel was a strange girl who I soon learned was her roommate, Beth.

I was soon unpacked but we stayed in the hall for two or three days and saw many very interesting things.

One day Albert came, however, and one by one we were taken up to the trunk room where we are now. I can hear the girls below me and wish I could have stayed in the hall where I could watch them. Once a week some of the girls come up here to make fudge on the kerosene stove, but I have seen Ethel only twice since I came. While I was still downstairs in the hall, I heard Ethel say she was not going to take me home until summer vacation, and, as it is May now, I am happily looking forward to the time when Albert will come to take me downstairs to be packed and sent home to my old place in the attic.

GERTRUDE SHAW, '14

"A Bad Penny Always Turns Up"

When I was at the youthful age of five, I had what seemed to me rather an exciting adventure. The scene where this adventure took place was in the beautiful city of Berlin, through which mother and I were passing on our way to the border line of Russia. As a girl, my mother had been a student in Berlin and had numerous friends there, and it was to visit these that we were stopping over night in that city.

Among the things that tend to make the great German capital a truly beautiful metropolis are its large parks. They are very many in number; but it is one, a special one, of which a remembrance will remain forever fixed in my mind. Of course the picture I have of this park is very vague because I was so young at the time of my visit there; but I do recollect that it contained wide paths which, at that time, were crowded with well-dressed people who were leisurely promenading to and fro; and that on the sides of these paths were beautiful marble benches, the arms of which formed grotesque animal heads. It was these heads that were the cause of my adventure, for I insisted on running up to pat each one of them and, as they were so very numerous, this task took me a considerable length of time. Mother was busy talking with a friend of hers and did not perceive that I was lagging farther and farther behind.

All at once I noticed that all the figures in front of me were quite unfamiliar. Where was my mother? I made my way through the crowd as fast as my short, little legs would allow me; but nowhere could I catch a glimpse of her. At last, being in utter despair, I sat down on one of the marble benches and commenced to shed bitter tears.

Suddenly I heard a voice close to my ear; and, on looking up, I saw that some people had stopped to inquire of me what the matter was. When I told them the cause of my woes, they were very sympathetic. After I had finished, these kind people told me to dry my tears and to remain seated on the bench; then they left me. I wondered what would happen next but I was not obliged

to wonder long for, after a few minutes, the "happening" came in the form of a smiling, fat policeman to whom I repeated my grievous tale. He then questioned me as to the name and whereabouts of the hotel where mother and I were staying, but I was unable to give satisfactory answers.

Finally my "rescuer" decided to conduct me to the nearest police station. The way to it was quite a long one; and I imagine that that poor policeman remembered, for a long time afterward, his walk there in my company, for, if ever child has talked incessantly and asked innumerable questions, that child was I on that memorable day.

The police station was a tiny stone building, almost entirely hidden by shrubbery and trees, and to reach there we were obliged to traverse a network of narrow paths. Inside, the station was partitioned into several small offices in which was gathered a crowd of jolly policemen. I made friends with these immediately and they all seemed to consider me a huge joke, for every word I said excited a roar of laughter. One of the policemen gave me a tiny leaden horse to play with and all recollection of my previous tears and sorrows left me entirely.

In the meantime my poor mother had been having more than her share of fright and anguish, which really was most unnecessary, for she should have remembered the old saying that "a bad penny always turns up."

All the time that I had been having my pleasant visit with the policemen, mama had been frantically searching one half of the city for me and her friend the other half. They had taken cabs and driven to one police station after another until, finally, mother got word, over the telephone, that a little girl, answering to the given description, had been found. She drove down immediately and, on seeing her coming in the distance, I rushed out, shouting joyfully, "Oh! mama, see my little leaden horse!" The next moment I was caught in a smothering embrace. The "bad penny" had "turned up."

CELESTINE DANIELS, '14

The Campus during May

The campus of the Frances Shimer School is always very beautiful, but especially is it so during the month of May; for it is then that the orchard of apple, plum, and cherry trees, which occupies a portion of this campus, is at the height of its beauty. The delicate perfume of its blossoms pervades the air, and its dainty pink and white coloring, in harmony with the fresh, pale green of the non-fruitbearing trees, standing near by, is most pleasing to the eye. Along the edge and front of the campus stand large, formidable-looking pine trees, which are of such a very dark shade of green that they add still more pleasing variety to the whole scene. The lawn is brightened, here and there, with beds of beautiful red and white tulips. What an exquisite example of Nature's wonders can one see by just taking one glance at this school campus!

CELESTINE DANIELS, '14

An Old Barn

As one enters the door, to the left is the old cistern. The pail, in which we used to give our dolls rides, still hangs on that crooked old hook beside the cistern. Over there in the corner is the rusty old iron stove on which we cooked our pretended meals. Against the wall is the old cupboard. How familiar every crevice of its shelves is to me! In the lower part of this cupboard we kept our doll dishes, paper dolls, mud-pie dishes, and everything that delights the heart of a child. No wonder its old doors are so battered and scarred and stand ajar unless propped shut.

From the dusty beams still hangs the old trapeze upon which we performed so many wonderful feats, and over in that corner stands the old saw-buck we used for our see-saw, which carried us up among the rafters where our names and initials can still be seen. The old barn still keeps that gloomy aspect it used to have and the damp woody smell still clings to it.

MIRIAM SAMPSON, '13

A Scare on the Playground

MARY: Oh, James! please don't tell Mama, when you write to her, that I dropped her best slippers down the cistern. Oh, please, don't tell her. You know it will just worry her and I will tell her all about it when she comes home.

JAMES: I certainly will tell her, Mary. You know that you had no business playing "lady" with Mama's best clothes. And you know what Mama said when she went away about my being the oldest. And the last thing she said was, "Be sure to take good care of 'Little Sister.'" Now I feel it my duty to tell her all about it.

MARY: I just don't care. James Jones, I think you are the meanest boy I ever knew. Boo-oo-oo.

JAMES: Oh, you don't need to think all the crying in the world will stop me from telling her. I am going this very minute to finish her letter.

MARY: That's just all right, Mr. James Jones. If you tell about those slippers I know something worse than that to tell on you. I will tell her how you and Johnnie Green took two of her best knives out to dig worms for fish bait, and lost them. I guess that would be lots worse than those slippers. You know those knives used to belong to Grandma. I will go into the house this very minute and write to her. And then if you won't catch it when she comes home. And I'll tell her about how you broke that pretty cake plate when you got so mad and threw it at me. You just see what you will get.

JAMES: Aw, come on now, Mary, you know that I was just fooling when I said that I would tell her. Why, I never thought of doing such a thing. I was just wondering what you would say.

MARY: Yes, when you know that I will tell what you have been up to,

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then you give in and say you won't tell. I just believe that I had better tell anyway. Or tell her about one, at least.

JAMES: Now, Mary, let's don't quarrel. You know that I think you are the dearest little sister in the world. Why, I wouldn't tell Mama if you broke all her dishes and lost all her knives and forks. Come on now, please don't tell.

MARY: All right, James, I won't. We want always to be good friends, don't we? Come on, let's both write her a nice letter and tell her we want her to come home just as soon as she can. 'Cause then she would comb all the molasses out of my hair and wash us nice and clean. It isn't so much fun after all to be left with Bridget. Mother is never cranky as she is.

JAMES: All right, that's just what we'll do, Mary.

DELLA ANCHENBRENNER, '14

Chapel Diversion

| | |
|---|--------------------------|
| April 18.—DEAN MCKEE | "Living on the Border" |
| April 25.—DEAN MCKEE | "Labor Wars" |
| April 28.—Good Night | Dance |
| | NINA HERRA |
| May 2.—DEAN MCKEE | "The Trouble in Mexico" |
| May 5.—Adelia in Arcady | Dance |
| | PEARL WOOD |
| May 11.—DEAN MCKEE | "Founder's Day" |
| May 12.—Nocturne | D'Arcy |
| | CAROLYN GREEN |
| May 19.—A Bad Penny Always Turns Up (Theme) | |
| | CELESTINE DANNEN |
| May 26.—Two Fantasies for Violin | Dance |
| | MARY EMILY MERRITT |
| May 31.—DEAN MCKEE | "The Ending School Year" |

Junior College Notes

The number of graduates from the College this year is four, just twice the number of last year. Let us keep up the progress.

On the morning of June 7, the Junior College class took the college graduates on a matutinal jaunt. The affair was quite a novelty and everyone had the best kind of a time.

Senior Notes

One May evening after school the Seniors assembled in the Old Ladies' Home park, where they entertained their class counselor with a picnic supper. It is said that after supper they played "drop the handkerchief," "two-deep," and other childish games.

Miss Knight entertained the Seniors delightfully at a dinner in College Hall on May 27. A unique feature was the place-cards, which were cabinet photographs of Miss Knight.

The class presented as a parting gift to the school a photograph of Michael Angelo's "Jeremiah." This picture continues the scheme of decoration which was planned last year—that is, of having the pictures in the chapel represent the different periods of art, "Jeremiah" being of the Italian Renaissance.

A Toast to Frances Shimer

(Given at the Junior-Senior Banquet)

F stands for fun, and frolic and feeds,
R for our room-mates so clever,
A is for "all" of our "awful" misdeeds,
N for the noise we make—never!
C for our crushes, our classes, our crowd,
E for the "cats" that we cherish,
S for our midnight spreads—not allowed
(If they were found out, we should perish).

S stands, again, for our studies and school.
H for the honors we fight for,
I for our interest in every rule,
M for the money we write for.
E stands for the ending each one knows is here,
R regrets that she's leaving behind her
A school in the memories of all of us, dear,
Three cheers for our own Frances Shimer!

Lectures

On the evening of May 15, Henry Laurence Southwick, president of Emerson School of Oratory, of Boston, presented Stephen Phillips' *Herod*. The play in itself is powerful, and the interpretation which Mr. Southwick gave of it left with us a very vivid and realistic impression.

One of the Vesper services in May took the form of an illustrated lecture on "The Contrast between English and American Universities" by Miss Knight and Miss Morrison. About twenty-five stereopticon views of the universities of Cambridge and Oxford were shown, and the many differences between these universities and ours were explained.



CLASS OF 1911, JUNIOR COLLEGE



COLLEGE HALL

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

Recitals

On April 17 the Glee Club gave the following concert program. The receipts went into the fund for decorating the walls of the Assembly Hall.

Program

| | |
|--|-----------------------|
| Frances Shimer School Song | |
| Piano Duet—Country Dance | |
| MISSER ERBE AND JOHNSON | <i>Nevin</i> |
| (a) I Would That My Love } | |
| (b) May Bells and Flowers } | <i>Mendelssohn</i> |
| CHORUS | |
| (a) One Morning, Oh, so Early | <i>Howley</i> |
| (b) The Elf's Trip | <i>Gounod</i> |
| MISSER ERBE, BOYD, WILLARD, WOLZ, HAKES, COOPER, MARTIN, COMERFORD, ASCHENBRENNER | |
| Slave Song | <i>Del Riego</i> |
| MISS EMILY MALONEY | |
| Bridal Chorus—Lohengrin | <i>Wagner</i> |
| CHORUS | |
| Duet—Go, Pretty Rose | <i>Marubals</i> |
| MISSER HAKES AND SKINNER | |
| The Bandolero | <i>Stuart</i> |
| MR. JOE HESSEN | |
| The Gipsies | <i>Schumann</i> |
| CHORUS | |
| (a) The Rosary | <i>Nevin</i> |
| (b) Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes | <i>Old English</i> |
| MISSER ERBE, MARTIN, BOYD, COOPER, WOLZ, HAKES, WILLARD, ASCHENBRENNER | |
| The Magic Song | <i>Meyer-Heldmann</i> |
| MISS EMILY MALONEY | |
| March—Tannhäuser | <i>Wagner</i> |
| CHORUS | |

On May 12, Emil Liebling gave his last recital of the series for this year. He was assisted by the Music Faculty, and the program was one of the best that has been given. The Mozowski number, "From Foreign Lands," played by Miss Dunn, violinist, and Mr. Liebling, and the Olsen "Suite" for two pianos, played by Miss Knight and Mr. Liebling, were exceptionally fine numbers.

The graduating recitals in Voice, Expression, and Piano, four in number, were given during the month of May. The graduates were Laura Wolz (Voice), Winifred Seeger (Expression), Vesta Martin, Elva Willard, Dana

Willcox, and Jeanne Boyd (Piano). The programs of all were highly enjoyable, and showed much conscientious work and artistic skill in performance.

The Liebling Medal Award

Each year, Emil Liebling awards a gold medal to the student in piano who can render most effectively a composition selected by him, expression, accuracy, and technical ability being considered. Any piano student, not yet a graduate or never having won the medal, may enter the contest. The composition assigned this year by Mr. Liebling was Liszt's arrangement of "The Spinning Song" from *The Flying Dutchman*, by Wagner. There were six contestants, who played before three judges, the evening of May 26. The medal was won by Florence Engelbrecht; Nona Hakes was given second place, and Elva Willard, third. The piece is played before the public during Commencement week.

Junior Class Notes

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the year was the banquet to the Seniors, given by the Junior class, in College Hall, the evening of June 3. The guests were received in the reception hall, which was prettily decorated with flowers.

At six o'clock everyone was summoned to the dining-room, where the thirty-two covers were laid. The table was decorated with a huge center-piece of the class flowers, sweet peas and yellow roses, and at each plate was a miniature diploma tied with the brown and gold. The reading of these diplomas furnished a source of amusement, since they were the records of jokes on each individual girl.

The toasts and "roasts" to the Seniors, School, and Juniors were given between courses. The Senior president, in toasting the Juniors, found that it was she, not the Juniors, who needed the dictionary.

During the entire evening, the School orchestra furnished music, some pieces of which were selected from the play by Misses Boyd and Seeger, *My Divinity*.

Although the evening was warm, there was dancing after the banquet until the bell, which always breaks up our good times, sounded, and the guests departed declaring that they had had the best time of their Senior year.

The Junior Picnic

Saturday afternoon, May 20, sixteen of the Juniors, with a huge pot of coffee and a small express wagon with the provisions, started for the Catherine Mark Home Park. About 5:30 the table from the cottage was placed on the front porch and the many good things which the wagon contained were brought into evidence.

After the supper was over they played games, took snap shots, and watched the interesting operation of a dairyman, milking cows, a sight new to many of the Juniors.

About eight o'clock they started home, with the "remains" of the picnic, which were given due honors in the form of a processional.

The Freshman Prom

On May 13 the Freshmen entertained the school with a May party in College Hall. The rooms were decorated with lilacs and white carnations, and the music for the evening was furnished by Mrs. Connell and Arthur Lang of Mt. Carroll. During the Freshmen Extra, red and white (the Freshmen colors) serpentine was thrown over the dancers and formed a very pretty picture. Ice cream and cake were served and all had a very delightful time.

On May 8 Miss Green entertained the Freshmen in College Hall. Refreshments were served and everyone pronounced Miss Green a charming hostess.

A Musical Comedy

Frances Shimer is the same old school but it is constantly being surprised by something new within itself, and on Saturday evening, May 6, the Diversion Club presented a real musical comedy. That in itself is decidedly new in the school, but the "newest" is the fact that the comedy was written by girls in the school, for girls in the school, and the whole comedy staged and presented within "the family." Jeanne Boyd, our musical member, wrote the music and some of the lyrics, and Winifred Seeger (Wizzard Senior) is responsible for the play and lyrics. All who were present at the performance witnessed a scene of enthusiasm and real enjoyment, showing an appreciation which renders mere words useless. We are proud of our geniuses, literary and musical, and are like Oliver Twist eagerly asking for more. We also hope that the cast will always prove as efficient as it was this year.

Exchanges

We have had no fresh exchanges except one, which is a new arrival and which we hope will keep coming next year. It is the *Orange and Black* of Milton High School, Milton, Pa., and is a fine paper in appearance and contents. The *June Triangle*, Emma Willard School, presents pictures of the graduating class and some interesting literary articles, and much other valuable material.

We hope to issue, from now on, five papers during the nine months of school.

This is a girls' school, and therefore the name is spelled with an "e" instead of an "i"—Frances, not Francis, as some exchanges would have it.

The Scattered Family

Miss Elena Schmitt, a pupil in '03-'04, is attending college at Davenport, Ia.

Susie Weddell, class of '03, has just been made editor of *Our Young People*, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Lulu Russell Baylor, Sellersburg, Ind., is a recent new subscriber to the *Quarterly*.

Mrs. Annie Harrison Mitchell, of Carbondale, Ill., renews her subscription to the *Quarterly*.

Mrs. Edna Appleby Schultz, '97, with her husband, spent Commencement day at the School.

Miss Eluvia E. Wright, class of '86, Moline, Ill., has added her name to the list of subscribers.

Miss Lute Fraser, class of '01, Wewoka, Okla., visited in Mt. Carroll during Commencement week.

Miss Inez Humbert, a pupil in '08-'09, sends renewal of subscription from her home in Chadwick, Ill.

Mrs. Libby DeWolf Corneau, of Delavan, Wis., with her husband, attended the reunion of the class of '71.

Miss Helen Hewitt, '01, Minneapolis, Minn., remembers the *Quarterly* with a renewal of subscription.

Mrs. Georgia Cory Kirkland, a pupil of last year, writes of her life in her new home in Cottonwood, Tex.

Carolyn Sterner, of Springville, Iowa, in renewing subscription, writes of her appreciation of the *Quarterly*.

Dr. Clara Ferguson, of the class of '88, has been appointed a member of the medical staff of Cook County Hospital.

News was received in April of the birth of a daughter, Margaret, to Mrs. Josephine Woost Bearden, '09, Pekin, Ill.

Mrs. Edna Dunshee Mann, of Chicago, class of '91, visited her mother, Mrs. A. T. Dunshee, Commencement week.

Mrs. Lizzie Smith Brown, of Smith's Mills, P.I., Canada, was the guest of her brother, Fred S. Smith, during Commencement.

Miss Jessie Campbell, of the class of '07, has completed four years of work at Wellesley College and graduates in the class of 1911.

Dr. Clarence W. Leigh, of Chicago, announces the marriage of his daughter, Marjorie, class of '09, to Roscoe M. McCann on May 31.

Maude Lahman, a pupil in '07-'08, writes of her marriage in January to Blaine C. Hussey. They reside on a farm near Oregon, Ill.

Mrs. Dora Lambertson Nickell, class of '69, visited Mt. Carroll during Commencement and was a guest at the dinner of the class of '71.

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Mrs. Lola Spealman Taylor, Chadwick, Ill., class of '03, is the mother of a daughter born in June.

Miss Ida Chambers, class of '03, Milledgeville, Ill., has secured the position of supervisor of drawing in the public schools of St. Cloud, Minn.

Announcement has been received of the birth on June 12, 1911, of Imogene Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Loie Kelly Thompson, class of '01.

Mrs. Bessie Dodson Wolf, '02, Alta, Ia., with her little two-year-old son, visited her old home in Mt. Carroll and attended the Commencement exercises.

Mrs. Ernestine Hoffman Husskarl and little daughter, of Harrisburg, Pa., were guests at her father's home in Mt. Carroll during Commencement.

Miss Florence Baird, '07, is a member of the class of 1911 of the University of Illinois, and receives the degree of A.B. from the College of Literature and Arts.

Harper McKee, '06, on Convocation day at the University of Chicago, June 13, was awarded a scholarship for next year for excellence in work in geology.

Miss Bess Walker, a pupil of last year, visited friends at the School in May. She is now stenographer in the bank of which her father is president at Sycamore, Ill.

Miss Erma Weill, a pupil of '02-'03, whose home is in Chicago, writes in the interest of a cousin whom she is visiting in Kansas City, who may wish to come here next year.

Miss Martha Green, '07, is planning to spend next year at the University of Chicago, where she will enter as a Junior, having completed the Junior College work here.

Hon. Francis W. Parker, whose wife, Alma Chapman Parker, was a member of the class of '79, paid a brief visit to the School recently, on an automobile trip with his law partners.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hornstein, 6106 Princeton Ave., Chicago, announce the birth of a son, Harris Harry Hornstein. Mrs. Hornstein will be remembered as May Belle Harris, '07.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Ethel Coburn, class of '06, to Roy Eugene Backus on June 14. They will be at home after July 1 at 658 W. 61st Place, Chicago.

Miss Rosabel Glass, '99, who has spent the past year studying at Columbia University, New York City, visited the School at Commencement time, on her way to her home in Seattle, Wash.

Announcement was received of the marriage of Sue Rebecca Clark, class of '05, to John Albert Perkins, June 10, at South Bend, Ind. At home after August 1, 209 Vale St., Bloomington, Ill.

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The Peoria papers, the latter part of January, contained notice of the death of Miss Jessie Hazelbaker at St. Francis Hospital following an operation. She was a student of the Seminary in '90-'91.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Elsie Comstock, class of '04, to William Joseph Doyle, June 14, at Marion, Iowa. They are at home after August 15 at Kimball Hotel, Davenport, Iowa.

Friends of Miss Mary Travers, a pupil in '08-'09, will sympathize with her in the death of her mother. Miss Travers, who spent last year at Knox College, Galesburg, is now keeping house for her father.

Mrs. Hattie Hathaway LePelley, one of the trustees of the School, Freeport, Ill., attended the Commencement exercises. Mr. and Mrs. LePelley spent the past winter in the South, including a trip to Panama.

Miss Fannie E. Gibbs, '89, West Springfield, Mass., in sending subscription, speaks of her enjoyment of the *Quarterly*—not only the news from old friends, but also the bright, good things prepared by the girls of today.

Among other new subscribers to the *Quarterly* is Mrs. Anna Casselberry Maloney, of Savanna, Ill. Her daughter, Emily, a graduate of Denison University, '10, has been studying vocal music at the School this past year.

Mrs. Lucy Gillett Rogers of 732 Haroldway, Hollywood, Cal., in subscribing for the *Quarterly*, speaks of her enjoyment of the magazine and her hope some day soon to attend the Commencement exercises of the School.

Miss Rose Demmon of the class of '90, who has taught for some years in the public schools of Chicago, has been taking a year of rest, spending the winter with her mother in Chicago, and is at present at her home in Mt. Carroll.

The Academy has recently been furnished one copy of the *First Biennial Register and Circular* of the Mt. Carroll Seminary by Mrs. M. L. Dodson, whose mother, Miss Lydia A. Orcutt, was one of Mrs. Shimer's first pupils.

Mrs. Hazel Goldthorp Eade, a student in '03-'04, is a new subscriber to the *Quarterly*. She was married about five years ago and with her husband and little son, three years old, lives on their farm two miles from Elizabeth, Ill.

Mrs. Nellie Wilder Ireland, '77, Yonkers, N.Y., has recently subscribed for the *Quarterly*. She writes of her interest in the School and of her appreciation of its work. She is in the East for the purpose of educating a son and daughter.

Invitation has been received to the marriage of Marinda Betsy Smith to George Alfred Breon on July 10 in the College Chapel, Beloit, Wis. Mr. and Mrs. Breon will be at home after October 1 at 1421 California St., Denver, Colo.

Miss Beth Hostetter, '02, who has been instructor in Latin in the School for the past year, sailed for Europe on June 19, intending to spend the summer studying in Paris. She has accepted a position in a girl's school in Tacoma, Wash., for next year.

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Mrs. Amelia Popham, Mrs. Myra Jones MacGregor, formerly students here, and Miss Irene Jones, class of '06, spent several days at the school during Commencement. Their sister, Miss Norma Jones, is a member of the class of 1911 of the Academy.

Mrs. Isabel Dearborn Hazzen, Lynn, Mass., arrived in Mt. Carroll before Commencement and will remain for a part of the summer visiting friends. Her address at the reunion of the class of '71 is printed in connection with the account of the reunion.

Mrs. Vilona Brownlee Palmer, '93, is a new subscriber to the *Quarterly*. She and Professor Palmer are to teach in Clinton College, Clinton, Ky., next year, where Mrs. Palmer will have charge of the voice department, and Mr. Palmer of the Greek and Latin.

Miss Dorothy M. Jones, 1636 So. Cedar St., Spokane, Wash., daughter of Caroletta Betts Jones, class of '87, has written the Dean recently concerning entrance here next year. She states that she chose the School without knowing that it was her mother's school.

A coin card was received in March, addressed to the *Frances Shimer Quarterly*, containing fifty cents, but with no name or address. The envelope is postmarked Omaha, Neb., March 17. It will be a favor if the person who sent it will notify us so that we may credit subscription.

Mrs. Judith Weill Lowenthal, '01, is secretary of a Jewish Woman's Club of two hundred members in Chicago, and is a member of many other literary clubs, and is also studying sociology at the University of Chicago. She speaks of a fine little girl whom she expects to send to Frances Shimer when she is older.

Miss Harriet A. Lee, instructor in English in the School for three years, who has been in the University of Chicago the past year, has recently become principal of Shorter Academy connected with Shorter College, Rome, Georgia, to be the executive head, to begin her work in September. Her friends will note the change of address.

Mrs. Nellie Hathaway Moore, of Los Gatos, Cal., a pupil in '78, writes that our *Catalogue* has given her great pleasure and sends subscription to the *Quarterly*. Mrs. Moore lives in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, an hour's ride from Leland Stanford University, where her son was graduated in '04, and a daughter expects to finish next year, and her youngest daughter will enter in 1912.

Mrs. Helen Wolfe Nash, a pupil in Seminary days, writes a pleasant letter from her home in Allegan, Mich., where her husband is president and general manager of the Allegan Furniture Company. She speaks of her son who expects to complete a law course in the University of Michigan and of her daughter who may come within a year or two to Frances Shimer.

Mrs. Libbie Kimball Washburn, 4927 Kenmore Ave., Chicago, attended the reunion of the class of '71. Her remarks at the dinner of the class were

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quite impressive. She has had heavy burdens to bear since her first work began in Ewing College, the year of her graduation, but she has been very successful in her work and has a family of whom any woman may be proud.

Mrs. Flora Dennison Dinehart, '71, with her husband, attended the reunion of her class. She spoke with much feeling at the class dinner. It appears that her son, who was a brilliant young attorney, went into politics and was successful and was in a fair way to be elected to Congress when he was smitten with a fatal disease and died in the midst of the campaign. Mrs. Dinehart is prominent and useful in club and society and social work in her home town, Slayton, Minn.

Hon. and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer, of Lincoln, Neb., arrived in Mt. Carroll on June 3, and were the guests of the School through Commencement. Mrs. Sawyer presided at the dinner of the class of '71, and in speaking of her own work in Lincoln, Neb., incidentally mentioned the fact that nearly sixty different young people have had a home with herself and Mr. Sawyer during their residence of thirty-five years in Lincoln. The majority of these young people lived in the Sawyer home and earned their way in order that they might attend school, chiefly at the University of Nebraska.

Note from the Dean

Written July 6

To Teachers and Students in 1910-11:

The framework of the new power plant is up: the two 80-horse-power boilers lie idly side by side. They promise to be ready for September 13. Have you seen our advertisements in *Saturday Evening Post*, *Harper's*, *Outlook*, *Everybody's*, *Literary Digest*, *McClure's*, *American*, and *World To-Day*? and in *Chicago Record-Herald* and *Tribune*, *Standard*, and *Continent*?

The old girls promise to be in the majority, decidedly, at the opening September 13. They have reserved considerably over half the total available space, leaving much less space for new girls than last year. Meantime, double the number of new girls have engaged rooms as compared with last year. Apparently not all the new ones will be able to find a place, less than twenty vacancies being left at this writing.

To New Girls:

You are more numerous than ever at this date, July 6, and I am puzzled to know what I shall do with those of you who wait until August to make application. Last year we admitted nearly fifty new girls after this time; but we cannot do it this year, as barely twenty places remain vacant today. Who will be the lucky twenty? The correspondence is spread over twenty states or more and it was never so large, indicating wide interest. Those who reach a decision soon will get rooms; the others may have to wait until we can build another dormitory. To all of you a hearty greeting.

Sincerely,

WM. P. MCKEE, Dean



